

Mountain Sentinel.

"WE GO WHERE DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES POINT THE WAY;—WHEN THEY CEASE TO LEAD, WE CEASE TO FOLLOW."

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TERMS.

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All letters and communications to insure attention must be post paid. A. J. RHEE

THE SHANTY.

This is our Castle! enter in
Sit down and be at home, Sir,
Your city friend will do, I hope,
As Travellers do in Rome, Sir.
The plain the roof is somewhat low,
The sleeping room but scanty,
Yet to the Settler's eye, you know,
His castle, is his shanty.

The famine fear we saw of old
Is like a nightmare over,
The Wolf will never break our fold
Nor round the doorway hover,
Our swine in droves tread down the brake,
Our sheep bells carol scanty,
Last night yon salmon swam the lake
That now adorns our shanty.

This bread we bake it is our own,
It grew around my feet, Sir,
It pays no tax to squire or Crown,
Which makes it double sweet, Sir.
A woodman leads a tollsome life
A lonely one, I grant ye,
Still with his children, friend and wife,
How happy is his shanty.

No feudal lord o'erawes us here
Save the over-blessed Eternal,
To him is due the fruitful year
Both autumnal and vernal.
We're reared to him down in the dell
A Temple neat, though scanty,
And we can hear his blessed bell
On Sunday in our shanty.

This is our Castle! enter in
Sit down and be at home, Sir,
Your city friend will do, I hope,
As Travellers do in Rome, Sir.
The plain the roof is somewhat low,
The sleeping room but scanty,
Yet to the Settler's eye, you know,
His castle is his shanty.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

BY THE HON. MIKE WALSH.

When day is robed in gorgeous light,
And all beneath its glow of hue
Is animated with delight,
The modest moon retires from view;
But when dark, silent night has spread
O'er earth and sea its gloomy sway—
When day and splendor, all have fled—
She cheers the poor, lone traveler's way.

"Thine thus with woman's love!
When gloomy winter's day breath
Has staid each gay and flower—
When rainclouds' muffled bows beneath
The dark, cold, paralyzing power—
The evergreen more brightly blooms
Than when the summer's soft wind sighs
Through groves which sunset glows illumines,
Nor fades till with its trunk it dies.

"Thine thus with woman's love!
When winter's cold and dreary night,
O'er all our joys assumes its sway—
When friendship, fortune, all take flight—
What is it then survives decay?
Forever glowing—fervent, true,
And self-devoted—pure divine;
The cheering star which lights us through
When all our earthly hopes decline?
"Thine thus with woman's love!

"Mrs. Neppins once went to camp-meeting,
And being asked if she loved the Lord—
"Well, I ain't got nothin' agin him!" Also her son
of the name of Conklin Neppins ate for a
wager a whole roast goose, and then drank up
the oily gravy; being asked if it would not make
him sick, replied that "the goose sot well enough
on his stomach, and as for the gravy, he
thought it would make him sick, for when the captain
asked Mrs. Neppins how her son was, she re-
plied: "Wal, he enjoys very poor health."
"What is the matter with him?" "Wal, he's
kind o' troubled with a dreadful risin' of his
vitals!"

NEW YORK. A man was recently drowned at the
foot of the Hudson river. A novel process was resorted to
for the recovery of the body, by one of the
most prominent physicians. He assured the bystanders that if
the man was drowned in the neighborhood he
could discover the body by means of a "new
method" in which should be deposited three
ounces of quicksilver, when the loaf would float
up over where the body might lay. "An
extraordinary idea," it may appear, the ex-
periment was tried, and on the loaf becoming
dry, a boat hook was put overboard and
brought up the body. It had laid
eight days, and when recovered the
entirely black. The man states that
a fourth instance in which the experi-
ment had been tried by him with success.

A DESPERATE RACE.

A Story of the Early Settlement of Ohio.

[The following is one of "Falconbridge's" happiest efforts. It hits off to the life the extravagant stories of Western adventure told by the "Long-bows," who visit our Western borders.]

Some years ago, I was one of a convivial party, that met in the principal hotel in the town of Columbus, Ohio, the seat of government of the Buckeye State.

It was a winter evening, when all without was bleak and stormy, and all within were blithe and gay, when song and story made the circuit of the festive board, filling up the chasms of life with mirth and laughter.

We had met for the express purpose of making a night of it, and the pious intention was duly and most religiously carried out. The legislature was in session in that town and not a few of the worthy legislators were present upon this occasion.

One of these worthies I will name, as he not only took a big swath in the evening's entertainment, but he was a man more generally known than our worthy President, James K. Polk. That man was the famous Captain Riley whose narrative of suffering and adventures are pretty generally known over the civilized world. Captain Riley was a fine, fat, good-humored joker, who at the period of my story was the representative of the Dayton district, and lived near that little city when at home. Well, Captain Riley had amused the company with many of his far-famed and singular adventures, which being mostly told before and read by millions of people, that have ever seen his book, I will not attempt to repeat them.

Many were the stories and adventures told by the company, when it came to the turn of a well-known gentleman who represented the Cincinnati district. As Mr. ——— is yet among the living, and perhaps not disposed to be the subject of story, I do not feel at liberty to give his name. Mr. ——— was a slow believer of other men's adventures, and at the same time much disposed to magnify himself into a marvelous hero whenever the opportunity offered. As Captain Riley wound up one of his truthful, though really marvelous adventures, Mr. ——— coolly remarked, that the captain's story was all very well, but it did not begin to compare with an adventure that he had once upon a time on the Ohio, below the present city of Cincinnati.

"Let's have it! Let's have it!" resounded from all hands.

"Well, gentlemen," said the Senator, clearing his voice for action, and knocking the ashes from his cigar against the arm of his chair. "Gentlemen, I am not in the habit (quite notorious for it) of spinning yarns of marvelous or fictitious matters, and therefore it is scarcely necessary to affirm upon the responsibility of my reputation, gentlemen, that what I'm about to tell you, I most solemnly proclaim to be the truth, and—"

"Oh! I never mind that, go on Mr. ———," chimed the party.

"Well, gentlemen, in 18— I came down the Ohio river, and settled at Lonsant, now called Cincinnati. It was at that time but a little settlement of some twenty or thirty log and frame cabins, and where now stands the Broadway Hotel, and blocks of stores and dwelling houses, lay the cottage and corn patch of old Mr. ———, a tailor, who, by the by, bought that land for the making of a coat for one of the settlers. Well, put up my cabin, with the aid of my neighbors, and put in a patch of corn and potatoes, about where the Fly Market now stands, and set about improving my lot, house, &c.

"Occasionally, I took up my rifle, and started off with my dog down the river to look up a little deer, or bear meat, then very plenty along the river. The blasted red skins were lurking about, and hovering around the settlement, and every once in a while picked off some of our neighbors, or stole our cattle or horses. I hated the red demon, and made no bones of peppering the blasted rascals whenever I got a sight at them. In fact, the red rascals had a dread of me, and had hid a great many traps to get my scalp, but I wasn't to be caught napping. No, no, gentlemen, I was too well up to 'em for that."

"Well, I started off one morning, pretty early, to take a hunt, and travelled a long way down the river, over the bottoms and hills, but couldn't find no bear nor deer. About four o'clock in the afternoon, I made tracks for the settlement again. By and by, I see a buck just ahead of me walking down to the river. I slipped up, with my faithful old dog close in my rear, to within clever shooting distance, and just as the buck stuck his nose in to drink, I drew a bead upon his top-knot, and over he tumbled, and splurged and bounded awhile, when I came up and relieved him by cutting his wizen—"

"Well, but what had that do with an adventure?" said Riley.

"Hold on a bit, if you please gentlemen—by Jove it had a great deal to do with it. For while I was busy skinning the hind quarters of the buck, and stowing away the kidney-fat in

my hunting-shirt, I heard a noise like the breaking of brush under a moccasin up the bottom. My dog heard it, and started up to reconnoitre, and I lost no time in reloading my rifle. I had hardly got my priming out before my dog raised a howl and broke through the brush towards me with his tail down, as he was not used to doing, unless there were wolves, painters (panthers) or Indians about.

"I picked up my knife, and took up my line of march in a skulking trot up the river. The frequent gullies on the lower bank, made it tedious traveling there, so I scrambled up to the upper bank which was pretty well covered with buckeye and sycamore and very little underbrush. One peep below discovered to me three as big and strapping red rascals, gentlemen, as you ever clapt your eyes on! Yes, there they came, not above six hundred yards in my rear. Shouting and yelling like hounds, and coming after me like all possessed."

"Well," said an old woodsman sitting at the table, "you took a tree, of course?"

"Did I? No, by—, gentlemen! I took no tree just then, but I took to my heels like sixty, and it was just as my old dog could do to keep up with me. I ran until the whoops of my red skins grew fainter and fainter behind me, and clean out of wind, I ventured to look behind me, and there came one single red whelp, puffing and blowing, not three hundred yards in my rear. He had got on to a piece of bottom where the trees were small and scarce—now, thinks I, old fellow, I'll have you. So I trotted off at a pace sufficient to let my follower gain on me, and when he had got just about near enough, I wheeled and fired, and down I brought him, dead as a door nail, at a hundred and twenty yards!"

"Then you skelp'd (scalped) him immediately?" said the backwoodsman.

"Very clear of it, gentlemen; for by the time I got my rifle loaded, here came the other two red skins, shouting and whooping close on me, and away I broke again like a quarter horse. I was now about five miles from the settlement and was getting towards sunset. I ran till my wind began to be pretty short, when I took a look back, and there they came, smorting like mad buffaloes; one about two or three hundred yards ahead of the other, so I acted possum again until the foremost Injun got pretty well up, and I wheeled and fired at the very moment he was drawing a bead on me; he fell head over stomach into the dirt, and up came the last one."

"So you laid for him, and—," gasped several. "No," continued the "member," "I didn't lay for him; I hadn't time to load, so I hovey legs to ground, and started again. I heard every bound he made after me. I ran, and ran, till the fire flew out of my eyes, and the old dog's tongue hung out of his mouth a quarter of a year long!"

"Phe-e-e-w!" whistled somebody.

"Fact, by—, gentlemen, well, what I was to do, I didn't know—rifle empty, no big trees about, and a murthering red Indian about three hundred yards in my rear; and what was worse, just then it occurred to me that I was not a great ways from a big creek, now called Mill Creek, and there I should be pinned at last. Just at this juncture I struck my toe against a root, and down I tumbled, and my old dog over me. Before I could scramble up—"

"The Indian fired!" gasped the old woodsman.

"He did, gentlemen, and I felt the ball strike me under the shoulder, but that didn't seem to put any enlargo upon my locomotion, for as soon as I got up I took off again, quite freshened by the fall! I heard the red skin close behind me coming booming on, and every minute I expected to have his tomahawk dashed into my head or shoulders.

"Something kind of cool began to trickle down my legs into my boots—"

"Blood, eh? The shot the varmint gin you?" said the old woodsman, in a great state of excitement.

"I thought so," said the Senator, "but what do you think it was?"

Not being blood, we were all puzzled to know what the blazes it could be. When Riley observed—

"I suppose you had—"

"Melted the deer fat which I had stuck in the breast of my hunting shirt, and the grease was running down my legs until my feet got so greasy that my heavy boots flew off, one hitting the dog, nearly knocking his brains out."

We all grinned, which the "member" noticing observed—

"I hope, gentlemen, no man here will presume to think I'm exaggerating?"

"Oh, certainly not? Go on, Mr. ———," we all chimed in.

"Well, the ground under my feet was soft, and being relieved of my heavy boots, I put off with double quick time, and seeing the creek about half a mile off, I ventured to look over my shoulder to see what kind of a chance there was to hold up and load. The red skin was coming jogging along, pretty well blown out, about five hundred yards in the rear. By— I thinks I here to load, any how. So at it I went—in went the powder, and putting on my patch,

down went the ball about half way, and off snapped my ramrod!"

"Thunder and lightning!" shouted the old woodsman, who was worked up to the top notch in the "member's" story.

"Gracious! wasn't I in a pickle! There was the red whelp within two hundred yards of me, panting along and loading up his rifle as he came! I jerked out the broken ramrod, dashed it away, and started on, priming up as I cantered off, determined to turn and give the red skin a blast any how, as soon as I reached the creek."

"I was now within a hundred yards of creek, could see the smoke from the settlement chimneys, a few more jumps, and I was by the creek. The Indian was close upon me—he gave a whoop, and I raised my rifle; on he came, knowing that I had broken my ramrod, and my load not down; another whoop, whoop, and he was within fifty yards of me! I pulled trigger, and—"

"And killed him?" chuckled Riley.

"No, by! I missed fire, by—"

"And the red-skin," shouted the old woodsman in a phrenzy of excitement.

"Fired and killed me!"

The screams and shout that followed this floundering Landlord Noble, servants and his there running up stairs to see if the house was on fire!—Great West.

CUBA.

THE CRESCENT CITY AFFAIR.

Views from Washington.

The steamship "Black Warrior" has arrived at New York, with advices from Havana as late as the 15th. The "Crescent City" difficulty has been revived. The Captain-General affirms that the agreement with Judge Conkling was in reference to only one voyage; and that a Spanish war-steamer was cruising off the More, for the purpose of preventing the "Crescent City" from entering the port of Havana. It is also stated that a regulation exists, which forbids any vessel to enter the port of Havana after nightfall and before a certain hour in the morning; and that it is the duty of the commanding officer to fire upon any vessel that shall attempt to violate this rule. It was violated on the 14th ult., by the "Crescent City," and this notwithstanding she was hailed three times, and required to desist. The sentinels neglected to fire, and they have since been imprisoned for their remissness. Under all the circumstances of the case, the "Crescent City" people appear to us, to have been entirely in the wrong. They seem anxious to provoke trouble at any and every hazard. The following paragraph from a leading article in the Washington Republic, no doubt embodies the views of the Administration. The doctrines inculcated are sound and to the purpose:

If Pares Smith availed himself of the visits of the Crescent City to Havana to obtain information which he communicated to parties in New York, who afterwards used it to the prejudice of the Havana authorities, they committed no offence against our rights or honor when they prohibited his return. They did what the Government of the United States, or of any other nation, would have done in similar circumstances. We do not say that Smith did what he is alleged to have done; we are willing to believe that he did not, after what Lieutenant Porter has said upon the subject; but so long as the authorities of Havana consider that their grounds of suspicion against him are valid, neither he nor we can complain.

They are to be satisfied of his innocence, and he must abide by the consequences of the suspicion until the evidence adduced be sufficient to remove it. They now ask for his own disclaimer as the only proof required; and we cannot but think that Passed Midshipman Davenport was needlessly punctilious when, on the last visit, he refused to allow Smith to comply with the demand. The testimony of the superior officer should be enough; but the Captain-General having decided otherwise, we are at a loss to perceive how the national honor could have been compromised by honoring his dignity.

Passed Midshipman Davenport may claim to fix the character of the tribunal which should administer justice in Smith's case, with as much reason as he claims to decide that the written disavowal of Smith is not necessary to meet the requirements of the Havana law. Such a claim if accepted to, would reduce the sovereignty of nations to a nonentity.

Whether the Captain-General exceeded his powers in excluding the Crescent City because the obnoxious individual was on board, is a question on which we do not propose to enter. But this we do say, that the exclusion violated the spirit if not the letter of the treaty existing between Spain and the United States. The course uniformly pursued by Mr. Fillmore's Administration—its efforts to rigidly enforce treaty obligations, and to preserve relations of peace—should have restrained the Captain-General from the unfriendly manifestation involved in the refusal to permit the landing of the mails and passengers. That was an act which admits of no justification. It was offensive to the Government of this country, and calculated only to excite a retaliatory temper on the part of the American people. As a matter of policy, it was

absurd. As a blow aimed at our ordinary commercial intercourse, it was singularly indiscreet.

But the Captain-General has not played the only absurd and indiscreet part that figures in this connexion. Mr. George Law, or the steamship company of which he is the head, excels the Captain-General in both particulars. In attempting to force Pares Smith into Cuba, Mr. Law has done what admits of no excuse. He has arrogated to himself a right from which any upright Government would shrink; and if he persist in pressing his position, he will be permitted to extricate himself from the dilemma that may result as best he can.

The Aspect of Europe—A Speck of War.

The war question continues to excite a large share of public attention in the Old World. Many of the leading public journals contend that a storm is brewing, and that Louis Napoleon will be compelled by the force of circumstances, to give active employment to his troops. A Paris paper, the Siecle, says, that this year the army will cost no less than 666,000,000 francs. The Editor observes:

"This large force gives a grand idea of the power of France; but we ask any man of sense to what idea does it respond? Is it to the present state of Europe and of France? Certainly not; for it is enough for any one to look at the railways, manufactures, and industrial undertakings which exist everywhere, to perceive that no nation desires to engage in war. Sovereigns of the present day have too much to do at home to wish to invade the States of others; and, beyond any doubt, whoever should attempt to trouble the general peace would have all the others against him. No; the formidable armies which the European Powers have kept up, at great cost, for the last forty-seven years, respond to a state of things which exists no longer and diplomatic agents will give proof of the immense want of intelligence as long as they do not cause a European Congress to decide on a general disarming, were it only of a limited character."

In addition to all this, the naval preparations in France have been unusually active for some time past. Great Britain too, has just determined that ten line of battle ships now on the stocks or ordered to be built, shall be provided with powerful screw propellers. France, observes a British journal, "under its new regime must be watched with unceasing vigilance by those whose keeping the welfare of Great Britain is committed, since assuredly nothing on earth but apprehension of failure will prevent the self-willed Louis Napoleon from attempting, sooner or later, the project before which even the genius of his uncle recoiled. Or he may perchance, and events, point that way, look to the East for the fulfilment of what he calls his mission. The position and strength of the British fleet in the Mediterranean is always perfectly well known; not so would be the character and purposes of an armament that might be assembled or fitted at Toulon. Without pursuing this vague train of thought, it may be sufficient to predict that whenever the reserved and resolute man, who now lords it over France, shall feel himself sufficiently strong to work out his destiny, we shall hear stirring news from the "French Lake."

The London Morning Chronicle, too in the course of an elaborate article, holds this language—

"A few days will place the peace of the world, and especially of England and France, almost unreservedly in the hands of the crowned 'heir of Napoleon.' With such sanctions as the forms of religion can give, and with all the authority which the apparent assent of a unanimous people can bestow, France is about to confirm, as rightful and permanent, the transfer, which she had already temporarily made, of her liberties and her strength to that unscrupulous despot. Even if there were nothing in the character and previous history of Louis Napoleon to call for special caution, this one reflection might suffice, if thoroughly realized, to inspire us with the gravest solicitude. We must bring home to ourselves the fact that the question of peace or war between two of the most powerful nations of the earth depends on the will of one man. Less than a year ago, that man stood opposed to an Assembly, including the keenest politicians and the best generals of France, who were all eager to divine and to anticipate his suspected intentions. They had warning enough to arouse the watchfulness of duller observers; yet he came upon them, after all, like a thief in the night. They had hesitated to attribute to him, at least the audacity to throw so hazardous a die. They were, one and all, mistaken. He struck, and he succeeded.

But, we are told, "The Empire is Peace." We have already shown what reliance is to be placed on the words of the destined Emperor. It is surely unnecessary to urge that there are persons whose language may be best interpreted by contraries. There is but one inference which can be drawn from any assertion of Louis Napoleon—namely, that he believes it to be conducive to his interest for the time being. In this sense, his words are an exact copy of his thoughts. What he says is precisely what

he means to say; and he is never to be detected in an unintentional betrayal of remoter purposes which cannot be prudently disclosed. He has thought it expedient to aver that peace is his own wish and the interest of France; and the foresight which dictated that assertion is abundantly illustrated by the general credulity with which it has been received. Simultaneously with the profession of his desire for peace, he has caused steps to be ostensibly taken towards a partial reduction of his army. But our recent letters from Paris contain ample reasons for believing that the process is merely colorable; and the reality of a desire for peace cannot be better tested than by the sincerity of a professed intention to disarm.

Again, it is beyond a doubt that, in the published accounts of the French navy, the actual amount of disposable force has been deliberately understated; and inaccurate statements on such a subject, circulated by authority, afford an unmistakable practical comment on the declaration, "L'Empire c'est la paix." In spite of statistics and rhetorical protestations, the French army and navy are what they are—and so are the purposes of their master.

The great question for the rest of Europe is, as Louis Napoleon himself admits, does the Empire mean peace of war? We own that, notwithstanding the pacific programme of the new order of things which has been put forth by the Prince President, we view the approaching avatar with grave anxiety.

It is, perhaps, superfluous to say that his promises and protestations are, in our eyes, simply valueless. With the exception of his uncle, it would be difficult to name any man of mark in modern history who has shown himself so absolutely insensible as Louis Napoleon to the obligations of veracity and good faith."

The Austrians also contend that a war with France would be inevitable if the boundary of the Rhine should be insisted upon, and Austria hopes to have Russia for an ally, in the event of difficulty. The two Powers united can bring two millions of men into the field. Should a contest take place, therefore, it is likely to be on an immense scale.

THE LAST BUT ONE OF THE MAUCHLINE BELLES.

—Christiana Morton, (or Mrs. Patterson) one of the heroines of the poet Burns, died at Mauchline, (Scotland) on the 15th of October, in her 87th year. She was one of six beauties celebrated in the poet's song:

"In Mauchline there dwells six proper young belles,
The pride of the place and the neighborhood a,
Their carriage and dress a stranger would guess,
In London or Paris they'd gotten them a,
Miss Miller is fine, Miss Markland's divine,
Miss Smith she has wit, and Miss Betty is braw,
There's beauty and fortune to get with Miss Morton,
But Armour's the jewel for me o' them a."

The "Armour" was the "bonnie Jean" of latter days, and all the others married soon after the poet had obtained his "jewel." Time rolled on, and the rival beauties became mothers, and some of them ultimately grandmothers—"thus runs the world away." In 1850, only two of the famous "belles" (for the simple and somewhat rude lines of Burns have been fame and will be poetic immortality to them,) remained in the land of the living. These were, Mrs. Candish and Mrs. Patterson—the latter, she whose death we have just recorded. So out of the six belles alluded to, but one, Mrs. Candish, now remains "to tell the tale."

Not long since one of the learned counsel in a small suit deemed it necessary to shake the testimony of a Samuel Butterworth, by impugning his veracity. A witness was called to the stand.

"Do you know Samuel Butterworth?"

"Yes."

"What is Butterworth?"

"Two and tenpence a pound, though some folks have paid as high as three shillings."

The editor of a western paper having lent his axe to one of his subscribers, the borrower unfortunately broke off the handle. On returning it he said: "You can easily get it fixed."

"Yes," replied the editor, "but it will cost at least a quarter."

"Well," rejoined the borrower, "if you ain't rather small for an editor; here's the quarter, but I'll thank you to stop my paper at once."

A recent writer asserts that the less a man knows, the wider he carries his mouth open. He says: "It is as impossible for an ignoramus to keep his jaws closed, as it is for a sick oyster to keep his shell out."

An Advertisement.

Here Pize, and Kakes and Bier I sell,
And Oysters stood and in the shell,
And Fried Wuns tew for them that chews,
And With dispatch blacks bates and shews.

A chemist in New York, not long since, analysed a bottle of imported champagne, sold, as pure, and found in it a quarter of an ounce of sugar of lead.